For Your Entertainment

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by KingCharlemagne

Summary

While at a party Hannibal was hosting, Mason is finally able to meet Will and takes almost immediate interest in the man. Will is already taken by Chilton, but God knows morals mean nothing to the elder Verger.

Check notes for chapter warnings.

Can We Pick Up The Pace?

Hannibal Lecter's soirées usually bring about a large number of faces. His home is large enough to accommodate many people, so they're most often held within his residence. OSHA would have a bitch fit if they knew how many bodies were regularly brought into the place.

The people who show up are always of some great esteem, whether it be due to their achievements, titles, or wealth. Unsurprisingly, it's generally the wealthy that win Hannibal's attention. In the case of Mason Verger, he has many reasons to have the psychologist's attention, from his fortune to the disgusting things he does and goes into great detail over. At least Hannibal gets paid handsomely for each session, it's more than anyone else that regularly suffers through it can say.

Jack Crawford might not be 'rich' by the standards of some, but he's certainly well off. Not only that, but he's the head of the homicide department in the FBI. He earned his place, arguably deserving it more than Mason, but that doesn't matter all too much since both of them are welcome, it's not like the homeowner is impolite enough to show favoritism.

Frederick Chilton's presence puzzles Mason though. Of course, he knows of his title and occupation, but his plus one baffles him. Not only does Hannibal look at him with what Mason can only understand as disdain, but he has none other than *Will Graham* at his side. The stray Crawford brought in due to his abilities, recently released from the pound after getting accused of murder.

Frederick entertains Hannibal while Will purposely avoids any sort of contact with the man, focusing his eyes on the drink he picked up and his ears on the two men in his presence. He's completely relaxed despite the avoidance, muscles loose and expression deadpan.

It's a very strange situation, that's for certain, but that doesn't make it any less thrilling for Mason. He never knew if he'd happen upon the opportunity to talk to Will, yet here they are! Two patients of the good doctor Lecter meeting at a party he threw, even if one is oh-so-very-clearly out of his element.

Mason makes his way over to the profiler, exchanging his empty glass for a new one filled with Bella Sera before approaching the man. “The infamous Will Graham… I’m surprised to see you here. This doesn’t really seem like your scene,” he says, perhaps coming off a bit *too* pleased.

Will shifts his gaze upwards at the sudden, unfamiliar voice now engaging him. His eyes meet Mason’s very briefly, flickering back down to his drink. He brings his unoccupied hand up to push his glasses up a bit further on the bridge of his nose before allowing his gaze to drift anywhere in the man’s direction, so long as eye contact is not being made. “It isn’t, what an astute observation for you to make… that doesn’t matter, though - whether it’s ‘my scene’ or not, that is.” His hand clenches and unclenches at his side, not unlike a cat kneading at the air.

Mason hums softly in understanding, allowing himself to take in the sight of the other while he talks. A fine specimen… firecracker too! Hannibal really knows how to pick them.

“Mason, it seems you already know of Will Graham. Will, this is Mason Verger, the new head of Verger Meat Packing,” Hannibal offers after he and Frederick have reached a stopping point.

Will gives no response, save for taking Mason’s hand when it’s offered to him and accepting the sturdy grasp and firm shake. Something twists briefly in Hannibal’s expression, but it doesn’t stick around long enough for anyone to notice.

“And this is Dr. Frederick Chilton, a psychologist and the administrator of Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane,” he moves on quickly, taking a drink of his Château Latour - one of the many beverages not available to those who aren’t *special* . Special in a way which earns you a glass of a nearly $800 bottle of red wine.

Dr. Chilton seems to be a bit on edge. His muscles are slightly tense, but his movements are lax, slow in comparison to Mason’s and not changing to meet the hand he whipped out any faster. His eyes widen slightly at the pressure exerted on his hand, a nervous chuckle escaping his mouth when the contact lasts longer than what’s considered to be ‘friendly’.

“Dr. Chilton… can I call you Freddy?” Chilton opens his mouth to respond, but Mason doesn’t allow enough time for him to answer, “how was Will? When he was in the loonie bin,

of course. You wouldn't think that a guy like him could…" he pauses briefly, eyeing the man in question out of the corner of his eye before looking back to the one he's talking to, "… well, that he could last that long in the conditions I've heard he was kept in. What, with all the cages and the limited socialization he was allowed… god knows he wouldn't hate the latter, but being encased in concrete for that long? I can't imagine how pent up he was afterwards." He's all but drooling by the end. Will is like a dog that needs to be kennel trained from what he's seen. Either no one else has taken initiative or been successful when they have. He thinks he could do it, he could break him and rewire him better than any of the psychologists in this room if he *wanted* to… but he doesn't. Not yet, at least.

Chilton opens and closes his mouth a few times like a fish out of water, clearly struggling for words. He's fidgety now, shifting the placement of his cane and rolling the ferrule around slightly. Finally, he clears his throat and speaks, "None of that is any of your business. I took - *we* took proper care of him just as we do with all our patients, and frankly, I find it extremely frustrating that you-"

Before any of them have time to react, Will has taken a step forward and is throwing his fist at Mason's face. Despite the difference in overall body mass, Mason is still knocked back enough to find himself falling over one of the bussers. Glass shatters in seemingly every direction, but that might just be the disorientation getting to him.

Before he knows it, Will is on top of him, grasping him by the collar of his shirt and punching him in the face again. The pressure against his throat makes him feel like he's choking, but he knows he can still breathe.

"You're a feisty little minx, aren't you?" Another punch to the face.

Yeah, he can see the star crack in his glasses, the blood now staining them, but he can't begin to describe the effect seeing Will like this is having on him. From his wild eyes to his bloody knuckles… he wants to *devour* him. In a notably different way than he wishes to devour Hannibal, mind you… although, now that he's thinking about it, he wouldn't mind having a piece of Will with him until he dies.

"You better learn your place, Verger," Will grits out, fighting to keep his grasp on Mason as that other psychologist tries to pry him off.

“Oh yeah? Well, it looks like you’ve learned yours - on your knees… the only problem here is that you aren’t putting that mouth to good use, instead you’re just-” Will gets in one last blow before Hannibal stops smiling at the scene and helps Chilton pull him away… though that’s clearly not the type of blow Mason was looking for based on his words and the sudden arousal in the air. Too bad he couldn’t get a grasp on anything above or between Will’s thighs… maybe another time.

The busser was able to get up before Will got on Mason from the looks of it, but he didn’t bother helping his brother in falling, instead it was a few other attendees. At first, he struggles to keep himself on his feet even with help, but after a few minutes, he regains enough focus to stand on his own. A few minutes is all it takes to get Will out of the building too, but it takes a few more for Hannibal to return.

He’s promptly offered a handkerchief when the man returns, navy blue and satin from the feel. “Efcharistó,” there’s a small pause, “I get why you’re so interested in that firecracker now, he can really pack a punch.” The cloth is bloody when he pulls it back, it doesn’t surprise him at all though. He has tasted copper since he hit the ground, but that doesn’t stop him from licking at the cloth before he returns it to his face. “Too bad Margot can’t see it too, though.”

“What do you mean, ‘she can’t see it’?” A new glass of Château Latour is slipped into his open hand by one of the bussers.

Mason watches him swirl it around and enjoy it while he speaks, “Well, you know she’s only using him for what he can give her.”

“Oh? And what might Mr. Graham offer her that is so important?”

“Sex, of course.”

“Why sex of all things?”

“Because he can get her pregnant, obviously - oh, maybe I’m being too presumptuous. He’s clearly already taken and I wouldn’t want to shove any salt in an open wound if he’s

infertile." He looks a bit spooked at the end, as though he knows he made a grave mistake. Even if he did, he wouldn't care though. They both know it's only for emphasis.

Hannibal hides the smile that forms on his face at the first part with another drink, but he doesn't have to for long. Mason mentioning the fact that Will is with another quickly sobering him up. "Obviously."

There's a small silence that follows and as usual it's Mason that has to break it. "Anyways, I think I better get going now that he's gone. It's getting late anyways and tomorrow is a big day! Say hi to Freddy and Willy for me if you see them again."

"You need to come up with a new nickname for Dr. Chilton… and I will."

"Why?"

"When you say his current one, I can only imagine that pesky tabloid journalist, Freddy Lounds."

Mason chuckles at that, "Alright, I'll come up with one before our next appointment, sound fair?"

"Perfectly," is Hannibal's simple answer before he turns to greet the lady who just approached him.

"Great, I'll see you on Thursday, then," it's probably a good thing he's leaving based on the way those two are eyeing each other and the lack of a response. He stands there for a moment, just staring before deciding to awkwardly shuffle to and out of the front door. Today's interaction with Will and Frederick doesn't mean their relationship is over, hell, it hasn't even *begun* . All it means is that Mason has to wait for the right time to retry… and he's certain that's somewhere in the foreseeable future.

I Need To Be Entertained

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Implied/Referenced Pedophilia

The week passes by at a fairly slow pace. Business continues as normal for the most part, but Mason finds himself distracted - well… more distracted than normal. His busted lip heals relatively fast, but his broken nose is still on its way to recovery. It's not even the pain that's distracting him, it's the thoughts of what happened on that night.

Whenever he remembers it he can feel his heart beat a little faster. Strangely enough, he becomes some of his best jerkoff material and he even didn't think that was his thing. Not until he became personally acquainted with Will's fist.

———

"I haven't seen much of Margot recently… kind of makes me think you've been an influence on her." It's an absent minded thought, voiced as he flips through the pages of one of the many, *many* books Hannibal has.

He looks over in time to see the quirk of Hannibal's eyebrow. "You think so? Might I ask if I'm a bad or good one?"

The book snaps shut, he shakes it in the psychologist's direction briefly - as though he's trying to mimic wagging his finger or shaking his fist (it's hard to tell which) - before he slides it into the top of the case, making it rest just above the other books. He could have put it back where he found it, but that requires too much effort on his part, Hannibal should be happy he even went so far as to put it on the shelf again.

"I like the way you changed up the order. Good for her, bad for me. Little Margie's all grown up now and it's… disappointing." He turns on his heel to face Hannibal once more, offering a smile as he walks over to his seat and takes it. "Well, now that I think about it, it's bad for her too. If she can't deal with me - well… I think we both know what's gonna happen."

Hannibal's head cocks slightly at that, "Perhaps. What do you think is going to happen, Mason?"

He can feel his smile growing a bit wider as he sits back and makes himself comfortable. His body begins to slide down the chair like an unruly child though, sinking until his lower back is against the bottom cushion. "If she can't handle me, then what makes her think she can handle the big bad world? You know - I'm not the *worst* guy ever, Doctor. I'm a saint compared to most."

It looks like the other wants to protest that, but he doesn't, instead giving Mason a once over and changing the topic. "It looks like you're healing fairly well."

"Oh, yeah. I think I ended up with a few glass shards in my scalp, but it wasn't anything a good shower couldn't fix."

"I see… and the rest?"

"Noses are harder to heal and I think I might have the scar on my lip for a bit, but there wasn't too much else to worry about as far as damage goes."

Another hum that's followed by thoughtful silence, "I must apologize for Will's behavior. I didn't expect an outburst like that from him."

"Everyone thought he was the Chesapeake Ripper for a while there, I'm surprised you expect anything *but* violence out of him," Mason says with a small snort.

"I never believed he was for a second, but a man's word can only go so far… even that of a psychiatrist."

"I thought you were the one who turned him into the FBI in the first place."

A short silence follows that comment, though Hannibal's disposition falters in no way this time. Neither of them look away either, Mason's blue eyes staring right into Hannibal's black ones. He refuses to believe anyone's irises are black, but he's never paid enough attention to the color of his eyes and can't say anything with certainty. Well, he can say *one* thing, and that's 'the lighting is poor in here'. Even though he can, he doesn't.

"I feel like you're trying too hard to play the strong, silent type. You look like you have a lot to say and yet I rarely hear you say anything unless you're engaging me." His fingers drum on the arm of the chair.

Hannibal offers a small smile as he speaks, "I'm not trying to play anything. This simply isn't my therapy appointment, it's yours."

Mason can't help but groan at that, throwing back his head before he adjusts it to check his watch. "An appointment that's almost over."

The man across from him shrugs, "You seemed very interested in my books."

"There are a lot of pictures of naked people in them. Men, women, children - you don't discriminate either, do you?" The way he asks is so nonchalant, as though it's a normal topic of conversation. It doesn't surprise Hannibal one bit, but it still disturbs him to a degree.

The psychiatrist stands soon after his patient does, remaining silent for a few moments as he watches the man walk over to his couch to grab his belongings. "No, we have different standards by which we choose our partners, I can assure you of that much."

"Then why do you have books with pictures of naked kids in them? Not really the best thing to have lying around when you're trying to convince people of that. It would be like me saying I don't enjoy animal cruelty when I own a meat processing plant. Imagine being born knowing the only things you would be doing in life are eating, being bred, sleeping, and shitting." By now, Hannibal already has the door open and is holding it for him, clearly hoping to expedite the process of getting Mason out.

“I would argue that’s all human life is.”

Another snort from Mason, “Of course you would…” he doesn’t leave just yet, lingering in the archway briefly before looking back to Hannibal. “Same time next week?”

“Unless you decide to change it, yes.”

Mason clicks his tongue, “I’ll be seeing you then, Dr. Lecter. Say hi to Margot for me.”

“I will if I see her. Drive safe, Mr. Verger.”

Hannibal begins to close the door, but the foot jammed at the last second doesn’t allow him to. After a moment’s consideration, he opens it up enough to look at Mason.

The man’s smiling like an idiot as he simply says ‘Chilly’.

“Chilly?”

“Oh, you know, Chilton. It sounds cooler, for more reasons than one! And - here’s the best part, it’ll knock your socks off - there’s this thing people do where they combine parts of a couples’ names to make one word. You have Chilton and you have Will… so why not ChillyWilly? It’s even better than just the-“

The moment Mason’s foot slips out from between the door and the frame, Hannibal closes it. It’s in a moment of desperation, desperation to get some distance between him and that freak before he loses the constant battle and makes him into a soffritto napoletano. Luckily, Mason doesn’t seem mad - or rather *angry.* He simply laughs in response and walks away. His footsteps grow more and more distant until the door opens and closes, then there’s silence.

It’s peaceful, just as he likes it.

No Escaping When I Start

It takes a few days of deliberation and a few more of simply being patient, but Mason is able to coerce Will into visiting him. He's forced to invite Frederick as well due to this being an *apology dinner* , but everything has a price and this is one he is willing to pay.

The extended wait time on a final date allows him one last appointment to gush over Will and mull over dinner plans. Hannibal doesn't seem too interested in helping, though that's probably for the best. He allows Mason the chance to think things over verbally with an audience. When the time finally comes, he can't stop the sheer excitement from pooling in his gut.

When the pair enter the living room, Mason feels like he might just burst. He immediately moves to stand when he hears the sounds of shoes against polished tile floors. "Hello, Mr. Graham," he says, clearly joyful about the man showing up. His gaze shifts from Will to his partner after staring a moment too long, "Dr. Chilton," he's clearly less enthused as he acknowledges the other man. Chilton evidently notices this, clearing his throat and stuttering a bit over what was almost another step forward. Will shows no signs of noticing, but given who he is and the fact that even *Chilton* noticed, Mason thinks it's safe to assume it wasn't lost on him. "You were very hard to find and get into contact with, Mr. Graham."

"Clearly not hard enough," Will doesn't even make eye contact now, gaze flickering around the room and checking out all of its contents.

Chilton smirks slightly at his boyfriend's answer, shifting his weight so it's better supported by the cane now that he's idly standing.

"Why did you invite us here anyways?" Their eyes meet briefly, but Will's gaze is fleeting, even if his expression remains set in a mix of frustration and curiosity.

Mason's lips curl upwards once more, "To apologize, of course. You did hit me in front of everyone at Hannibal's party last week."

“Not everyone, we all know the sitting room can’t comfortably fit everyone who was there, not then, at least,” Will corrects.

Mason tuts softly, “We also know how much those people like to gossip, so even if it wasn’t *everyone* , it was basically still everyone.”

Will considers it briefly before relenting, “Regardless… I don’t think I’m the one you should be apologizing to.”

“Then who do you expect me to be apologizing to?”

“Frederick would be a good start, you were clearly making him uncomfortable, yet you didn’t stop, not even to reevaluate.”

Mason doesn’t move for a few moments, staring at Will with unblinking eyes. When he finally does blink again, he takes a step forward, “Dr. Chilton, I sincerely apologize for what happened the other night at Dr. Lecter’s party. I should have been more… *courteous*... and not speak to you like I did.”

Chilton seems completely caught off guard by this, first Will telling Mason to apologize to *him* , then Mason listening. It takes a moment for him to find himself, but he does and answers, “It’s water under the bridge, don’t worry about it,” is his simple answer. His voice is a bit hoarse, but all of his words are still intelligible.

“There, all better?”

Will finally meets Mason’s gaze again, this time holding it. “I guess.”

Mason raises an eyebrow to that, scoffing lightly before he speaks again, “You guess? C’mon, Will, you know me-“

“No, I don’t. I know your sister and what you have done, but I don’t *know you* . Nor do I want to.”

He doesn’t think his expression can be read as *shocked* , but it certainly mimics it. It quickly shifts to something of *amusement* . Before he knows it, he’s laughing. Outright and genuine. “You’re funny, you know that, Will? I get why Margot and Dr. Lecter have taken such an interest in you…” his eyes travel over the professor’s body, something shifting in his countenance as he does, “Well, maybe not *exactly* , but I’d let you knock me up if I were a desperate whore like my sister.”

Will begins to move towards him, but Frederick reaches out to stop him with an extended arm pressed against his chest. “I think it’s time for us to be leaving. I know you’re a busy man, and we are as well,” he moves to redirect Will now, trying to usher him back towards the door they entered from. “Thank you for having us.”

Well, this definitely isn’t how this was supposed to happen. At this rate, it seems like they will have to skip dinner and head straight to dessert, not that Mason is complaining, but he knows Cordell probably will. He shoots a quick message to the man before sliding his phone back into his pocket and following the pair to the front door.

“Why not stay a bit longer? Dinner’s almost ready and I had something I was really looking forward to showing off.” He’s a few paces behind them, wanting to keep some distance between them. He has to bide his time for now - good things come to those who wait and all that bullshit.

“Why don’t you invite Hannibal over instead? I’m sure he’d be more interested in your culinary prowess than either of us,” Will responds, not breaking stride even when his partner’s falters briefly. It’s almost unnoticeable. *Almost.* He also notices just how *hard* Chilton is limping. It would make sense for the man with the cane to limp, but he can’t imagine it would be that bad, not unless he just got injured or was trying to emphasize it.

“It’s not *my* culinary prowess, and that has nothing to do with my new toy. You have to stop assuming, it makes an ass out of you and me.”

Will stops now, turning his head so Mason can see his side profile perfectly and Will can eye him out of his peripheral vision. “Tell me, what makes you think this is a good idea.” He feels

a strange sensation in the back of his neck, but he doesn't really acknowledge it, assuming it's just another episode and trying to regain his footing in the moment.

"Which part?"

"Continuing to piss off a man who thinks about killing people for a living."

"Oh, that's a good question. I just find you to be interesting."

Will looks ahead at that. Chilton has turned so his body is facing Will and he can look at Mason without causing himself pain. "No, you don't."

"Didn't you just imply that he got your sister pregnant?" Chilton finally asks, an incredulous look on his face. It's that of complete and utter disbelief. Mason swears he can make out pain in it too.

Mason brings a hand up to gently hit his forehead, holding it briefly and chuckling, "Oops, looks like the cat's out of the bag," the hand slides off of his forehead and drops right back against his thigh with an audible slap. "You really didn't tell your own boyfriend about you getting busy with my sister? Mister Graham… I thought more of you!"

"No, no… that's impossible, he couldn't-" Even with the step Chilton takes towards Mason, it doesn't help him keep his ground when Mason takes a step towards him and cuts him off.

"Is it really?"

"Yes, that's physically impossible."

Mason shrugs, "I beg to differ. The only man aside from Dr. Lecter that she's been around recently has been Will, and I'd like to believe she has better taste than a *psychiatrist* - no offense… I'm just saying that to be polite, by the way. It is supposed to be somewhat

offensive." He nods his head slightly, taking a small pause before continuing, "Now, we can't take a DNA test now to verify, but one thing I can say with certainty is that this *won't* happen again. I made absolute certain of that."

Chilton looks dazed and confused - a bit of a premature reaction, but good. Will's clenching and unclenching his hands, still facing the opposite direction and clenching hard enough for his knuckles to turn white. His head is dropped now and he doesn't talk again until he's able to lift it up again.

"What the hell did you do to her?" He asks. His eyelids are growing heavy, but he continues to push on, even as weakness settles into his muscles. They'll leave soon, when he stops entertaining Mason.

"I got rid of the problem, obviously, you *are* supposed to spay your pussies, right?" His words are followed by a snicker. He seems so jovial for someone who knows his bloodline will probably end up dying with him and his sister.

When Will turns around to face Mason again, taking a few labored steps forward before stumbling and falling right into Mason's arms. His vision is dark around the edges and quickly fading with his consciousness.

Frederick tries to jump into action when Will begins to fall, but a large arm around his neck stops him, effectively cutting off the oxygen flowing to his brain once the owner tightens their grip on him. Even though he struggles against his assailant, he can only watch helplessly as Mason pets Will's head and speaks to him in a volume too quiet for him to hear.

Will is only able to make out a few words before consciousness slips away.

"Now it's time to neuter the tomcat."

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